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Amelia Under the gift of her  
Grandmother Langston  
June 27 1821

---

Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age ;  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile a parent from the sky !

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CORINTH,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

---

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)  
TO THE  
RIGHT HON. VISCOUNTESS ANSON.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
VISCOUNTESS ANSON.

---

MADAM,

IT would be indeed a difficult task to express in my own words my sense of your Ladyship's condescension and kindness, in allowing me to usher this little work into the world under your protection. But the immortal Tasso has furnished me with lines so appropriate to my circumstances

that by transcribing them I shall best express how gratefully

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's

obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Tu, magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli  
Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto  
Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli  
E fra l'onde agitato é quasi absorto  
Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli,  
Che quasi in voto a te sacrate i'porto.  
Forse un dì fia che la presaga penna  
Osi scriver di te quel ch'or n'accenna.



## P R E F A C E.

---

AS the following little volume is not designed to meet the *Public* eye, to the *Public* no apology can be due from its humble Author. But it may serve to soften any severity of remark which its defects may provoke, even among the few into whose hands it will fall, if they are reminded that by far the greater part of it is the production of a very early age—that it was composed exclusively for the amusement of a family circle—and that its Author has not felt at liberty to borrow from the duties of her station that time which a due preparation for the press would demand. Her hope is, that those whose kindness has prompted them to become subscribers to it, will exercise the same kindness in judging of its

contents. The work is printed with a very different object from that of literary fame: and if that object be accomplished, and the comfort of those she loves be promoted by her little book, the Author will thank a merciful Providence and her kind Friends, and feel no regret at not obtaining that praise to which she forms no pretensions.

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## INTRODUCTION.

---

IF the light heart to mirth incline  
Go seek a gayer page than mine ;  
Though time has been when morning's ray  
Scarce waked a heart more light and gay ;  
When evening's beam scarce sank to rest  
Upon a more unthinking breast :  
But now the glittering dream is o'er ;  
I'm Laughter's giddy child no more ;  
And if to mirth I tempt the Muse,  
The chords their earlier theme refuse,

And pour upon the startled ear  
Strains which the giddy shun to hear.

Then if to mirth the heart incline,  
Go seek a gayer page than mine,  
And chase the sorrowing strain away  
Which sings of woe and swift decay ;  
Of withering glories' summer wreath ;  
Of ancient honours quenched in death ;  
Of the proud state whose early place  
The learned wanderer scarce can trace ;  
Whose pillared ruins bid him pause  
And sighing say, ' How great she *was* !'

But if some gentler spirits chance  
Upon this youthful page to glance,

Who echo back the mourner's groan,  
And bleed for sorrows not their own ;  
To them I consecrate the song  
Which lingers these sad themes among,  
And bid them tread with me the vale  
Where Contemplation loves to dwell—  
And bid them spare the feeble line  
Of such a trembling hand as mine,  
Which urges but an infant claim,  
And sues for pity, not for fame.



C O R I N T H .

## ARGUMENT.

Situation of Corinth described—The Muse is invoked to relate the actions of Cypselus, and to describe the former grandeur of Corinth—Corinth not only powerful in war, but eminent in arts of peace—Story of the Maid of Corinth—Vice the main cause of its decay—Timoleon appears : laments over his country—The Gospel preached there by St. Paul—Its invasions by Amurath the Second and Mohammed the Second—The inroads of Moham-medanism compared to the eruption of a volcano—The benefit Corinth is likely to derive from the British Missionary exertions.

## CORINTH.

---

WHERE to the east Saronic eddies rave,  
And westward Crissa rolls her gentle wave ;  
Where, swelling from the dark blue ocean's bed,  
The rocky Isthmus lifts its barren head,  
Whose tottering pillars whiten in the sky,  
The last sad wrecks of ruined majesty ;  
There CORINTH stands—and there the traveller strays  
To trace the glories of her early days.

Once steel-clad warriors thronged her tented plain,  
And anchored navies sprinkled all the main ;  
Calm Science wandered in her narrow vales,  
And roving Commerce spread her thousand sails :  
Mighty in feats of arms, and arts of peace,  
The Isthmian sceptre swayed the half of Greece.

Illustrious daughter of the Dorian line,  
O what a flood of endless woes was thine !  
Rolled in the dust, abased thy princely head,  
Thy riches, honours, valour, glory, fled !  
—Come, Muse of Greece, assist me to record  
The ruthless triumphs of the invader's sword  
In lowly strain ; and with untutored hand  
To track the steps of ruin through the land !



First let the Muse in strains exulting sing  
The lofty exploits of her ancient king :  
Tell how great Cypselus the sceptre won,  
And lodged the power of many chiefs in one ;  
Foiled the high lords of the Baccheïan race,  
And doomed them exiles from their native place ;  
Dashed into air the oligarchic chain,  
Content within his people's hearts to reign.

E'en ere on Athens Solon shed the ray  
Of law and science, ushering in the day ;  
Ere yet Lycurgus reared his country's fence  
'Gainst every foe, by laws of abstinence ;  
O'er prostrate kingdoms Corinth stretched her hand,  
And envying nations eyed the favoured land.

Her shining vessels ploughed the furrowed seas,  
Her pennons fluttered in the Ausonian breeze :  
Phœnicia's crowded ports her sails receive,  
Ægean billows with her treasures heave :  
Girdled in Neptune's arms, she seemed to rise  
The queen of cities, daughter of the skies :  
Aspiring monarchs at her games contend,  
And grateful millions hail her as their friend :  
E'en fabled gods there chose their bright abodes,  
And Corinth stood the darling of the gods!

Nor foremost only in the fields of strife :  
Hers were the arts which sweeten private life,  
Which in soft fetters angry passions bind,  
And soothe, by gentle touch, the harassed mind.

Wherever genius plied his busy hand,  
She 'lured the labourer to her wealthy strand,  
Proffered her gold, the prize of skill to buy,  
Gave what rash man terms immortality.  
—Then rose the maid to whose fond skill we owe  
The art which bids the silent canvass glow ;  
Bids the cold marble that dear face restore  
Which friendship's eye must hang upon no more ;  
Snatches each feature from the grasp of death ;  
Gives life, expression—all, alas ! but breath !  
Yes, fair one ! those who round the funeral bier  
Pour, in big drops, the agonizing tear,  
With gushing eyes their gratitude proclaim,  
And pay their homage to Eudora's name,  
Who fixed the vision of the sparkling eye,  
And bade the dying image never die.

But, ah ! too soon these glories all decay,  
And sudden night extinguishes the day :  
Vice rears her altar, sheds her incense round,  
Sows the rank seeds of crime on holy ground ;  
Pollutes the low ; ascends the lofty throne ;  
Reigns, as she ever seeks to reign, alone ;  
Dwarfs every faculty to smallest span,  
Pampers each lust, and brutalizes man.  
Then Heaven, indignant, speeds its high command :  
Wild Rapine's wheels roll o'er the fated land,  
Crush her high walls, her fairest fields deface,  
In one vast ruin 'whelm her guilty race.  
Though once her valour stemmed Barbarian pride,  
And Persian arms and Persian gold defied ;  
Though once, while her assembled senate sate,  
Kings from their nod their dubious lot await ;

She yields her once predominating sway,  
Of foreign arms and private vice the prey.  
Then sank the fabric of her naval pride ;  
Commerce deserts her unproductive tide.  
Her sons no more, in mould heroic cast  
Firm as their mountains, breast the autumnal blast ;  
Turn to the arrow's point, or quivering dart,  
The unshrinking bulwark of a freeman's heart.  
—Thus, rushing onward with resistless flow,  
Rolls the dark current of Corinthia's woe ;  
Sunk in deep infamy, her name expires,  
Extinct each passion that inflamed her sires.

But, hark ! methinks thro' midnight's thickest gloom  
An awful form ascends, as from the tomb :

Unearthly sounds I hear, and to my eyes  
Catania's guardian genius seems to rise !  
'Tis he ! I know the terrors of his lance,  
Timoleon's mighty shade arrests my glance :  
The blush of shame burns on his martial cheek,  
And from his lips these sorrowing accents break :—  
“ Alas ! how fallen, since in warlike pride  
Thy countless armies marshalled at my side,  
Since when Trinacria's blushing damsels gave  
The hard-earned guerdon to the matchless brave ;  
When from Epipolæ's commanding height  
They viewed with throbbing breasts the doubtful fight ;  
When fathers, sons, and husbands waked their cares,  
And a whole nation leaned upon their prayers !  
Vain the fierce efforts of Elisa's land ;  
Her shattered vessels strewed the Punic strand.

Then press'd thy colonies the distant plain :  
Thy subject islands sparkled on the main.  
Could the fierce conquerors of the Dardan plains  
Survey their cherished country's sad remains,  
O could Bellerophon his Corinth see  
Low to the Sangiac bend the supple knee,  
Rent from their faded brow each victor's wreath,  
Each laurelled ghost would die a double death !  
—Degraded city ! and shall none arise  
To fan the spark of honour, ere it dies ;  
To warm thy bosom with its ancient fires,  
And make the children emulate their sires ?  
Ah, no ! Destruction hovers o'er thy head,  
'There the last vial of her woes to shed !'  
—He said, and sank into the silent grave,  
To mourn the land his counsel could not save.

But not at once did Corinth's power decay,  
Not at one glance her glories fade away.  
—What though, adjured by Philip's warlike son,  
She paid the homage which his valour won?  
Sweet is the homage which we pay the brave—  
The slave of heroes is but half a slave;—  
Though Mummius' eagles glittering from afar  
Shook from their wings the mortal shafts of war,  
While shuddering maidens and affrighted dames  
Wept for their gods, their city wrapped in flames;—  
Though, every proud defence of war o'erthrown,  
The conquering Latins sacked the ruined town;  
Yet, in that hour of woe, a ray of light  
Shot through the darkness of this thickest night.



In Juda's skies a lingering star arose ;  
O'er the dark world a cheering beam it throws,  
And where lost Corinth, 'whelmed in ruin, lay,  
Poured the mild lustre of a sacred day.  
Then " he of Tarsus " sought her in her chains,  
Planted the Cross amidst her mouldering fances ;  
With sacred touches calmed the unquiet soul,  
And gently bade the wounded heart be whole.  
Oh ! had she known, in that her day of grace,  
The things which minister to life and peace ;  
Had not foul error from her misty hand  
Shook doubt and darkness o'er the troubled land ;  
Had not apostacy and swift decay  
Swept truth's fair school and temples all away ;  
Lighted in Heaven, the beam of truth had shed  
Enduring lustre on her blighted head ;

Then had her bulwarks every foe defied,  
And Corinth triumphed in "the Crucified."

But ah ! not long Religion's hallowed force  
Checked the wild torrent in its angry course ;  
Neglected, she to other regions flies,  
And sheds her light on more propitious skies.

Then sacred Justice bares her red right hand ;  
A darker tempest sweeps the guilty land :  
Loud through the air the shout of wrath is heard ;  
The Moslem rushes at the signal word.

Rude Amurath his Janizaries pours  
In countless numbers o'er the groaning shores :  
The second Mah'med rears his sanguine crest ;  
His ruthless train the drooping land invest :

Venetia's free-born hosts in vain oppose ;  
The cloud has burst—she sinks beneath her woes.

As, down the steep of Ætna's ashy side  
The scorching lava pours its flaming tide,  
The stream of terror sweeps along the ground,  
Spreads o'er the vale and 'whelms the landscape round,  
And, as in floods descends the fiery shower,  
The toils of ages perish in an hour :  
Thus Moslem fury pours its horrid flood,  
All warm and crimsoned with a nation's blood ;  
Thus o'er the star of Greece the Crescent rose,  
Prophetic emblem of a thousand woes,  
Of iron servitude and swift decay,  
Of that long night which never knows the day.

But is the *final* doom of Corinth sealed?  
Is her rent bosom *never* to be healed?  
Is hers the night on which no sun shall rise?  
Such as the past, her *future* destinies?

See in the main, where sinks the orb of day,  
Where chalky cliffs reflect the last fond ray,  
An Island brightens in the sparkling wave :  
Hers is the lot poor prostrate Greece to save.  
See from her breast the Gospel herald spring,  
And, borne from earth on love's seraphic wing,  
Spurn all the comforts of his native land,  
Brave all the horrors of a foreign strand,  
To lift the torch of sacred wisdom high,  
And cleanse the dens of foul idolatry.

Nor vain his saintly zeal—where'er he roves  
His steps are marshalled by the God he loves :  
He bears a talisman of sovereign power  
To chase the clouds which all around him lour ;  
To cheer the wretched, break the captive's chain,  
To bring the wanderer to the fold again,  
O'er the lone heart the tide of joy to roll,  
And shed the day on man's benighted soul.

A British vessel cleaves Ionia's tide ;  
A precious burden loads her heaving side ;  
High on her deck a Missionary stands,  
And hails the approaching shore with outstretched  
          hands ;  
Exulting hope beams from his generous brows,  
A martyr's feeling in his bosom glows ;

He longs to pour upon the astonished sight  
Of prostrate millions, joy, and life, and light ;  
The soothing mandate of the Skies to give,  
And bid the suppliant "believe and live."

But who is this, the herald of the Skies?—  
Say, Muse, ere yet thy harp's poor cadence dies.

The young Aristus, where the sun's soft ray  
Gilds the swift Severn, first beheld the day ;  
Just at the point where Deva's flood by stealth  
Adds to the mother stream her watery wealth.  
A child of nature, the delighted boy  
Found in her face a poignant source of joy.  
Now with his shepherd reed he courts the shade ;  
Now leads Elmira to the flowery glade,

To catch the glories of the rising day,  
Or milder lustre of the setting ray ;  
Then turned awhile to scan the lettered page  
Where poets trifle, or where critics rage.  
—At length where Camus rears his sedgy head,  
The path of Science he aspires to tread ;  
He pants, he toils—till Learning's choicest crown,  
Her spoils and glittering glories, are his own.  
And now Ambition all the man inspires :  
He quits the safer country of his sires :  
On classic ground he seeks a loftier name,  
And nobler record on the lists of Fame ;  
Treads where Athenian Stuart fondly strayed ;  
New feats and toils of classic might essayed ;  
Wandered o'er dull Bœotia's sleepy shore,  
And wept for heroes, seen, alas ! no more

Then tracked with daring foot the Oncian chain,  
And rests at last upon the Isthmian plain.

Much has he learned—But much, alas ! forgot—  
All the pure lessons which a mother taught ;  
The creed, the promises, the high command,  
Breathed from the altar of his native land.  
No grateful knee to highest Heaven he bends ;  
With sacred truth the foulest error blends ;  
Jove, or Jehovah, all as one adored ;  
Now hymns an idol, now exalts the Lord :  
The mantling cup of pleasure madly quaffs ;  
Lives for the present—for the future laughs.

While bartering thus the soul for guilty fame,  
The *Spirit* of the *God* he called not, came.



For, as o'er Corinth's desert wilds he trod,  
Where scarce a streamlet rolls its summer flood,  
Where not a harvest on the soil is shed,  
And sinking Want depends her weary head—  
A wanderer there—when, once, the angry storm  
Bared its red arm, with living lightnings warm,  
In a lone cot he sought his head to rest,  
And, entering, found himself a welcome guest.  
—Within the cot, stretched on the bed of pain,  
Its master lies, no more to rise again ;  
A cherub infant lifts its little hand,  
And lisps, in accents of its native land,  
A prayer to God, to soothe a parent's woes,  
And in his own good time to give repose.  
—Soft on its head his hand the father laid,  
And thus, in fond, though trembling, accents said :

‘ God will display a father’s love, my son,  
‘ And keep thee when thy earthly father’s gone :  
‘ But then, dear boy, O seek thy gentle Lord  
‘ Amidst the pages of his sacred word ’—  
More he had said, but deep Aristus sighed ;  
And ‘ whence this hope, this confidence?’ he cried.  
The dying man, ’midst death itself amazed,  
Exclaims, as on his doubting guest he gazed ;  
‘ From Albion’s Isle, and yet demand of me  
‘ Whence the bright hope of immortality !  
‘ From *your* blest country first the preacher came  
‘ Who kindled in my breast this holy flame ;  
‘ Who warned me, taught me, fed me, soothed my woes,  
‘ And bade this desert blossom with the rose :  
‘ Graved on my soul this Heaven-directed line,  
‘ And shed the comforts of *his* soul on *mine*.

‘ He taught me, too, that on this desert shore  
‘ Apostles preached, where truth is heard no more.  
‘ These hopes and joys are now my dying trust,  
‘ And, still though swiftly sinking to the dust,  
‘ They bid me hope those blessings may revive,  
‘ And Corinth’s wretched sons “ arise and live.” ’

A sudden light beamed on Aristus’ soul—  
It seemed as though his Lord had said ‘ Be whole.’  
He bent his knee, the prayer of faith to raise ;  
He gave his heart to swell the song of praise ;  
Cast at the feet of Jesus all his fear,  
Dried at His altar every anxious tear.  
‘ Oh ! what,’ he cries, ‘ the lettered stores of Greece  
‘ To faith and hope and never-dying peace ?

‘ I thank Thee, Lord, that ’neath this recreant sky

‘ I learn the wisdom of Eternity :

‘ O may my future days bespeak me one

‘ Rescued by *Heaven*, to live for *heaven* alone.’

He seeks his native land. Again her skies  
Burst with delight upon his anxious eyes.

But sorrow waits upon his sad return ;

He comes exulting, but he comes to mourn :

His tender mother on the last sad bed

Of fatal malady has laid her head ;

She only lives to urge the fond request

On him, her first loved, last loved, loved the best,

No longer in the wilds of sin to rove,

But seek a refuge in his Saviour’s love.

Oh ! what the transport of her dying hour,  
To hear him tell of that transforming Power  
Whose magic hand has broke the hidden spell,  
And snatched a victim from the grasp of hell !  
Whilst the sad son his gladdening tale reveals,  
A smile of rapture o'er her features steals ;  
The sudden joy exhausts the fleeting breath,  
Dying she smiles, and still she smiles in death.—  
That smile how soothing to his aching eye !  
A darling mother's richest legacy.  
Cloudless she smiles, like evening's purest ray,  
To rise in regions of eternal day.

The last demands of filial duty paid,  
Aristus sighs for fair Cenchrea's shade ;

Elmira, too, would see the blest abode  
Where first her brother learned to seek his God.  
Together, then, they plough the watery way,  
And safely ride in fair Ægina's bay.  
There has Aristus trained a mountain band ;  
There on the Sabbath you may see him stand ;  
In his loved country's ritual breathe his prayer,  
And smooth by words of love the mourner's care :  
Or, Heaven-commissioned, Heaven's loud thunders  
roll

In solemn accents on the hardened soul ;  
But oftener wins, by tender calls of love,  
The contrite wanderer, never more to rove.

Nor prays nor toils the man of God in vain :  
Where'er he comes he bursts the captive's chain,

Opes the blind eye ; the hardened heart unseals,  
With heavenly balm the wounded conscience heals ;  
The broken spirit owns his healing hand ;  
And streams of joy shoot o'er the darkened land.

O speed the hour when this auspicious ray,  
Shall swell and brighten into perfect day !  
When the blessed word of peace and joy and truth,  
No longer whispered by a single mouth,  
Shall fill the voice of thousands ; and when Greece  
Shall bow, believe ; shall love, and be at peace !

Long has thy large and richly-gifted hand  
Poured light and wisdom o'er our duller land ;  
We pay thee back in strains of life and love—  
Strains sung by spirits in the courts above ;

Strains sent from Heaven to bless the sons of earth ;  
Strains which can give the dying second birth.

O ! welcome, prostrate Greece, the gladdening voice  
Of Him who bids the sons of woe rejoice !  
Haste to the port, thou lost, and tempest-driven ;  
Come, taste on earth the joys to angels given !  
Rise from the dust, once pride of nations ! rise !  
Shake off thy chains, and spring into the skies !  
' Count all ' thy former ' gains ' and trophies ' loss,'  
And come, with us, and worship at the *Cross* !



**MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.**



## ON LORD ANSON.

---

FAIR blew the breeze, and gaily dawned the day,  
When Anson's vessel sped her glorious way :  
Hope's eager hand unfurled the swelling sail,  
And spread his fluttering pennons to the gale :  
A nation smiles where'er his eye he turns ;  
A patriot's ardour in his bosom burns.

Brave Drake and Frobisher! your foemen's dread;  
Vespucius ! hang your now-diminished head.

'Twas yours, 'tis true, ye brave, by deeds of might  
The foe to awe, and turn the tide of fight ;  
Or rush with daring keel on unknown seas,  
And dimly point to future victories :  
But *his* the highest fame, and noblest praise,  
Who twined the laurel with historic bays ;  
Who, not content by force of arms to bind,  
Sought for new empire in the realms of mind ;  
Roved round the world in quest of work undone,  
And bore our sceptre to the setting sun.

See the bold chief careening o'er the deep !  
The foaming flood his towering navies sweep ;  
Through frozen wastes of sea, till then unknown,  
Track the vast regions of the Antarctic Zone.

Sooth 'twere to tell how humbled Gaul admired  
The man before whose frown her fleets retired ;  
How Jonquire felt, when yielding up his sword,  
But half a captive, who had such a lord.

The proud Biscayan felt the hero's might,  
When Finisterre beheld the desperate fight,  
Which to its centre shook Iberia's throne  
And left the world of waters all our own.

O! when glad Albion saw his whitening prow,  
Then all her millions cast away their woes :  
His conquering hand the grateful monarch pressed,  
Planted new honours on his sparkling crest ;  
Bade every roof with *Anson's* glory ring ;  
Thanked him in language worthy of a king.

At last, no more with thirst of conquest fired,  
The hero to the Muses' shade retired ;  
Like him of old, who sank from war's alarm  
To the cool refuge of his Sabine farm.  
—Ye nodding groves, ye sweetly verdant glades,  
Where pensive Science woos the evening shades ;  
Still is your name a country's boast and pride,  
For 'midst your sacred shades a *hero* died ;  
Still on your flowerets double lustre glows,  
The former garlands of a *hero's* brows.

But, though removed from this terrestrial scene  
Amidst his blushing fame and honours green,  
England's sad sons the hero's worth attest,  
His noblest monument each British breast.

## WHAT IS LIFE ?

---

SAY, what is life? "A mere Utopian scheme,  
 A shadowy void, a visionary dream,  
     A rash pursuit of never-captured bliss,  
 A few years' tossing in a troubled sea,  
 Short joys, slow hopes, and lasting misery ;  
     The happiest, dull ; all others, deep distress."

So speaks the man whose fleeting hopes and fears  
 Begin and finish in this vale of tears ;  
     Whose sceptic creed a future world denies ;  
 Who feels no mercy in the chastening rod,  
 Who tastes no comfort in a present God,  
     Nor seeks, when here, a passage to the skies.

Not such his answer who has built his nest  
'Midst the high rocks of light and life and rest ;  
    Who waits on God from dewy morn to even ;  
Who through the cloud a Father's face discerns,  
Who with desire to see a Saviour burns,  
    And counts this world his avenue to heaven.

Ask him *his* estimate of life, he cries,  
' Life is not any thing below the skies :  
    ' This fleeting hour is but the breaking dawn ;  
' Of heaven's pure wisdom the tempestuous school ;  
' Of heaven's high temple the low vestibule ;  
    ' *That* the bright day, and *this* the cloudy morn.'



TO THE  
MEMORY OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

---

BEHOLD, commingling with sepulchral dust  
Sleep the frail relics of the good and just !  
What though disease had dimmed his mental ray,  
And to his sightless orbs obscured the day ?  
The ten long lustres of his fair renown  
Break thro' the mournful cloud that veiled the throne ;  
And Britain still with fond affection clings  
To the loved memory of the best of kings.

Fair Purity has rent her robes of white ;  
Justice has veiled her brow of radiant light,

Let fall the balance from her equal hand,  
And mourned the sorrows of the fated land ;  
Forth bursts the dew from Charity's soft eye,  
E'en Fortitude's strong breast heaves deep the sigh:  
Each lovely sister-grace has met to shed  
Her mingled fragrance on his hoary head.

Sweet Caledonia now forgets to smile ;  
Loud wails the harp through Erin's emerald isle ;  
Wild Cambria's echoes hear the mournful sound,  
And hoarse Atlantic's waves the woe rebound,  
Roll the sad tidings to Canadia's hills,  
To share the grief with which sad Albion thrills.  
Say, what avails from Actius' line he came  
Or that the monarch owned proud Guelpho's name?

That haughty Este the regal claim bestowed,  
Or from Ferrara's chiefs his life-blood flowed ?  
Mouldering like them beneath the 'scutcheoned pile  
And marbled honours of the trophied aisle ;  
Senseless alike of pleasure or of pain,  
The peaceful chorus or the warlike strain ;  
Superior only in a princely tomb,  
And splendid escort to his *last long home*.  
But from the grave the breathing marble speaks,  
And Virtue's voice the gloom sepulchral breaks.  
Tells not of Acre's or Aboukir's fight ;  
Of Europe's self redeemed by England's might ;  
Nor how Fame's brazen-throated trumpet blew  
The crested triumphs of a Waterloo :  
But that he burst the Ethiop's galling chain,  
Gave life and freedom to the sable train ;

Bade Revelation's brilliant star arise  
On the swart sons of Afric's burning skies ;  
Dispelled the horrors of their awful night  
With the bright radiance of the Gospel light ;  
Poured on their souls the healing balm of peace,  
And soothed the sorrows of that abject race.

His reign with plenty blessed our verdant isle  
And gave the hill and laughing vale to smile :  
Ages unborn shall bless the genial day  
Which rose resplendent on the Brunswick's sway,  
And grateful Britain yet may boast her claim  
To future sovereigns of the Brunswick name.

## EPISTLE

FROM

BONAPARTE TO MARIA LOUISA.

---

WHILE on St. Helen's rugged cliffs I rove,  
My bosom throbs with all the pangs of love ;  
While 'gainst her ramparts rolls the foaming tide,  
My anxious thoughts deplore my blooming bride,  
The brilliant hopes, the joys, that once were mine,  
Too madly yielded at Ambition's shrine.

Though on my crest no sparkling honours glow,  
Though no imperial circlet wreaths my brow ;

E'en 'midst these wilds, with my Louisa blessed  
My raging mind had hushed itself to rest ;  
My restless soul had ceased to dwell on strife,  
Rapt in the pleasures of domestic life.  
—But, no ! Stern Albion, with unhallowed hand,  
Severs the knot of Hymen's sacred band.  
Accursed land ! I execrate thy name !  
The bane of all my glories, all my fame !  
Unblenched this eye had viewed the awful block,  
Nor quailed beneath the headsman's fatal stroke ;  
And brooked with calm content such mandate high  
As seals the doom of unthroned majesty ;  
But both from happiness and empire hurled,  
A mournful exile from the living world !  
My spirit sickens at the ignoble doom  
Which gives *Napoleon* to a nameless tomb !

Inconstant Gallia ! whose admiring eye  
Delighted viewed my car of victory ;  
Still the gay votary of the prosperous hour,  
Canst yield thine Idol to Britannia's power !  
Abject attend your *Louis*' despot nod,  
And crouch beneath the bigot's iron rod !  
Tear from your brow the laurels of the brave,  
And yield the honours which my valour gave.  
I led your sons to fields of deathless fame ;  
I bore to distant realms your empire's name :  
The soft Ausonian felt my regal sway ;  
The German owned Marengo's fatal day ;  
In vain Asturia's heights my power withstood ;  
The flaming Kremlin had been slaked with blood,  
Had not proud Britain reared her awful form,  
And bared her front to meet the impending storm,

Checked my imperial rule, destroyed my throne,  
And bade the Bourbon re-assume his own.

At Elba, where all nature seemed to smile,  
I roved contented through the verdant isle ;  
And had I been allowed my lovely bride,  
All Europe's odium had in scorn defied :  
'Twas love alone my wild ambition fired,  
'Twas love alone my fervid soul inspired ;  
It nerved my arm, it ruled the high emprise,  
Hushed all my fears, and bade my hopes arise.

When the fierce Austrian tore thee from my arms  
My lofty spirit swelled for war's alarms,  
I vowed thy rescue—the attempt I hailed ;  
And thou wilt pardon, though the project failed.



But still thy lord, while memory holds its place,  
Will dwell upon thy form, thy matchless grace.  
O teach my son to vindicate my fame  
And emulate his father's injured name ;  
Bid him avenge me on the hated land  
Which forced the reins of empire from my hand ;  
So shall Napoleon rule a future age,  
And shine once more in history's brilliant page —  
This thought shall bid my bosom throb no more,  
And soothe me e'en on this detested shore.

## THE MANIAC'S TALE.



MINE is a song of woe, and wild ;  
For Sorrow early claimed her child,  
Reared o'er my head her snaky crest,  
And ruled with iron sway my breast ;  
Stamped many a sad and painful truth  
Upon the open brow of youth,  
And often made me almost own  
That man was born to woe alone.

Oft have I basked in Fortune's ray,  
And gaily chased the hours away ;  
Sported in Pleasure's summer-stream,  
Or, rapt in Fancy's airy dream,  
Painted each glowing scene more bright,  
And viewed the future with delight ;—  
Still lent the sympathetic ear  
The saddened Muse's strain to hear,  
And echoed back the pitying groan—  
But grieved for others' woes alone.  
—But now no triumph wakes my lyre ;  
Extinct is all a poet's fire ;  
In mournful cadence, long and low,  
I only raise the notes of woe ;  
Dejected view the day's return,  
Sweep the sad string, and live to mourn.

While on that flowery path I strayed,  
And round me gayest visions played,  
Smooth on life's stream I hoped to glide ;  
But, rolling on a darkling tide,  
I sought to stay on friendship's name ;  
Then cruel disappointment came,  
With envious hand, to point the dart  
And fix it in my throbbing heart :  
Disease with iron hand assailed ;  
All whom I loved beneath it quailed :  
Grim death advanced with ghastly stride,  
And all Affection's care defied.

Then gazed I on a parent's woes  
And felt a daughter's keenest throes ;

Then, when I heard the bursting sigh,  
And anxious marked the tearful eye,  
On the fair retrospect I glanced,  
And memory each past joy enhanced.  
—But there was one whose spirit bowed  
And owned her Maker's chastening rod,  
Bent meekly to the storm her head,  
My mind to resignation led,  
Dried from my cheek the streaming tear,  
And soothed with all a mother's care.  
Then from above a holy ray  
Of comfort beamed a milder day,  
Benignly shone upon our road,  
Displayed the presence of a God;  
Bade Faith and Hope again arise,  
And seek a rest beyond the skies.

No pleasures graced our humble cot,  
For such are not the exile's lot ;  
But dove-eyed Peace her pinions spread,  
Scattered her fragrance round our head.  
The turbid storm seemed past and o'er—  
When gathering clouds began to lour ;  
Poured forth their torrents' rapid flow,  
And 'whelmed us in a stream of woe.

But a sad harp *this* tale must tell  
And horror all its accents swell ;  
I feebly touch the trembling wire,  
The half-struck chords in woe expire,  
Or, thrilling into sound again,  
Pour forth a melancholy strain.

And said I that my failing hand  
Refused the task my woes command ?  
And said I that I could not speak  
What bids my heart with sorrow break ?  
No ! Fancy paints the glazing eye  
That spoke a father's misery,  
Rests on a mother's shuddering frame,  
Whilst from his lips these accents came :  
' O that before this fatal blow  
' The vital tide had ceased to flow !  
' Oh ! had I followed to the grave  
' The child I would have died to save ;  
' Had death's rude hand destroyed her bloom,  
' And given her to an early tomb ;  
' Or had the moment of her birth  
' Restored her to her parent earth ;

‘ Light then had been my deep distress,  
‘ And sorrow’s self been happiness.  
‘ Then had not dawned the fatal hour  
‘ Which gave her to the spoiler’s power ;  
‘ Then had not sped the ruthless dart  
‘ Which deeply pierced my wounded heart !—  
‘ But, God of mercy, Thou canst spare :  
‘ O make this erring child Thy care !  
‘ Canst pardon, if in transient thought  
‘ ’Gainst Thy decrees I murmur ought ;  
‘ Canst check the accents of my woe,  
‘ And soothe the anguished tears that flow.’

But I, unhappy, still must mourn,  
And vainly sigh for her return ;



And ponder on each glowing charm :  
The ardent breast with feeling warm,  
The winning smile, the tender sigh,  
The dark blue lustre of her eye.

But why describe her matchless face,  
When beauty was her smallest grace,  
The polished casket of a mind  
Which spoke each sentiment refined ?  
With every virtue glowed her breast—  
Ah, painful memory ! spare the rest !  
The partner of my childish plays ;  
Companion of my guileless days ;  
The kind consoler of my grief,  
In her fond arms I found relief ;

She shared alike each youthful joy,  
Or loved the kindling tear to dry.  
My wavering mind she still would lead  
To seek religion's fairest meed ;  
And still of virtue's themes she sung,  
While on her lips I fondly hung.

And could she sever all these ties,  
Nor in her breast compunction rise ?  
Could she with fickle mind depart  
From each best feeling of her heart ?  
Vainly attempts the mental eye  
This saddest mystery to descry :  
My clouded mind in vain would ask,  
My trembling lyre would shun the task.

Return, dear wanderer, to thy nest ;  
Repose thy sorrows on my breast ;  
Let me but act a sister's part,  
And win thine alienated heart.

Now Time his constant wheel moves on,  
And many hapless years have flown ;  
And varying seasons ceaseless roll,  
But none can soothe the troubled soul.  
Thus oft we see the rifted oak,  
Scathed by the vivid lightning's stroke,  
Sudden its leafy honours shed,  
Droop to the storm its towering head,  
Though, stemming bold the mountain flood,  
Full many a winter's rage it stood,

Of time repelled the howling blast,  
But owns the tempest's sway at last.  
Though suns arise, and breezes gay  
And mildest zephyrs gently play ;  
Reviving shrubs send forth again,  
Their odours o'er the blushing plain ;  
No more this blasted tree shall rise,  
Nor spread its verdure to the skies ;  
The lifeless trunk, despoiled and bare,  
Lies a mute emblem of despair.  
And thus the keenly-feeling mind  
Sinks when to anguished woe resigned,  
The venom of the empoisoned dart  
Has rankled in the drooping heart :  
And thus our blooming honours shed,  
A mournful veil surrounds our head ;

And gloomy horrors still entwine  
The heart where grief has raised her shrine.

So struggles the believer's breast,  
By darkening clouds of care oppressed,  
Till his freed soul unshackled flies  
To claim its birthright in the skies,  
Where thoughts of Heaven alone controul  
The calmed contentions of the soul.

H Y M N.

---

O DID my breast with holy fervour glow !  
Could I, like Mary, all my cares forego ;  
Still on my Saviour's blessed words attend,  
And on my Maker's guardian care depend !

But, ah ! my erring soul to earth confined,  
What ceaseless trifles fill my thoughtless mind !  
How transient and how faint devotion's flame ;  
How vain my thoughts, how *low* my *highest* aim !

Like cumbered Martha, anxiously I stand,  
And still I claim my God's supporting hand ;  
When at thy throne I bend the suppliant knee,  
God of the helpless, hear and strengthen me !

Saviour, impart a ray of grace divine ;  
O check my wanderings ! make my spirit thine !  
O suffer not my erring thoughts to rove,  
But fix them on thy everlasting love !

THE ADIEU.

---

SEE, trembling on its spray, the fading rose,  
Which o'er the scene a mournful fragrance throws;  
Transient, yet sweet; lovely, though pale its hue—  
So sweetly mournful is the last Adieu.

Now the keen blast in brumal horror reigns,  
Condensing nature in its frozen veins;  
It rudely o'er the painted rosebush blew—  
So sadly-sudden seems the last Adieu.



When nature blooms no more in verdure gay,  
The leaf yet lingers ere it fades away,  
And scents the gale which swept it as it flew—  
So gently soothing is the last Adieu.

But as the budding rose when glowing bright,  
Returning beauties meet our ravished sight ;  
Re-union shall the banished joys renew,  
And chase from painful thought the last Adieu.

IMPROMPTU  
ON  
A NOSEGAY OF ROSES.

---

YE loveliest of Creation's hand,  
Whose budding beauties just expand  
And then as quickly fade ;  
Still will your fragrant odour live,  
Though scarce your tarnished charms survive  
The praises that we paid.

So, Adeline, the sparkling eye,

Or glowing cheek of ecstasy,

A transient charm appears ;

But mind's rich culture still will live,

And Virtue's radiant joys survive

The withering touch of time.

## CONCLUSION.



FAREWELL the saddened harp, the Doric reed ;  
Farewell the smile, the humble poet's meed ;  
Farewell to empire's evanescent dream,  
The patriot hero's high heroic theme ;  
Farewell to those who shun the curious scan,  
Forget the scholar, and retain the man ;  
And farewell those who bend the Critic's eye  
The untaught Muse's errors to descry ;  
Who in nice scale the faulty numbers weigh,  
Nor guess the motive that inspired the lay.--

Oh ! could I bid farewell to all my woes,  
And bring my weighty sorrows to a close  
Dry with kind hand the often-falling tear  
Which stains the cheek of those I hold so dear ;  
How would my grateful heart exulting tell  
The long, the cheerful, and the last Farewell !



NOTES.





## NOTES ON CORINTH.

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### NOTE I. p. 33.

*Where to the east Saronic eddies rave,  
And westward Crissa rolls her gentler wave.*

CORINTH is situated exactly between the Saronic Gulf, now called the Gulf of Engia, and that of Lepanto. The Crissean Gulf is north-west of Corinth, and south of Phocis.

### NOTE II. p. 34.

*Calm Science wandered in her narrow vales,  
And roving Commerce spread her thousand sails.*

Corinth in the early ages of Greece surpassed even *Athens* with respect to commerce, riches, and the extent of her naval power. There learning also early flourished.

### NOTE III. p. 34.

*Illustrious daughter of the Dorian line!*

Corinth claimed the same Doric origin as most of the cities of the Peloponnesus.

## NOTE IV. p. 35.

*Tell how great Cypselus the sceptre won.*

The government of Corinth, after the abolition of the original monarchy, was usurped by a numerous branch of the royal family called the Bacchiadæ. This Oligarchy was destroyed by Cypselus, a mild and gentle ruler, 659 B. C.

He was the son of Ection and father of Periander, famed as one of the seven wise men of Greece.

## NOTE V. p. 36.

*E'en fabled Gods there chose their bright abodes.*

Jupiter was nursed at Ægium on the Corinthian Isthmus—Venus, Bacchus, Neptune, and Phœbus had famous temples there, the ruins of which may still be seen.

## NOTE VI. p. 37.

*Then rose the maid to whose fond skill we owe.*

Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, formed likenesses in clay at Corinth; but he was indebted to his daughter for the invention. Her lover being likely to leave her for a distant country, she traced the lines of his face from his shadow on the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a bust, and hardened it in the fire with the rest of his earthen-ware.

## NOTE VII. p. 40.

*Timoleon's mighty shade arrests my glance.*

Timoleon rescued Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionisius the Younger and the Carthaginians, with the small force of a thousand men.—He died 337, B. C.

## NOTE VIII. p. 40.

*Since when Trinacria's blushing damsels gave.*

Trinacria was one of the names appropriated to Sicily, from its three promontories, Lilybæum, Pachynum, and Pelorum.

## NOTE IX. p. 40.

*When from Epipolæ's commanding height.*

One of the quarters of Syracuse was thus denominated.

## NOTE X. p. 41.

*O could Bellerophon his Corinth see.*

Bellerophon was the son of Glaucus King of Ephyrè, or Corinth, much famed in the fabulous Grecian History for his extraordinary exploits.

## NOTE XI. p. 41.

*Low to the Sangiac bend the supple knee.*

Sangiac, a title appropriated to some of the governors under the Ottoman Porte.

## NOTE XII. p. 42.

*What though adjured by Philip's warlike son.*

Alexander always treated the Greeks in a manner worthy of a brave nation; and though they were completely under his subjection, his policy was so liberal that they were materially benefited by his government and enjoyed more practical freedom than when under the factious controul of their own demagogues.

## NOTE XIII. p. 42.

*Though Mummius' eagles glittering from afar.*

Corinth was destroyed by Lucius Mummius, a Roman Consul, 146 B. C. The riches found there were exceedingly great.

## NOTE XIV. p. 44.

*The Moslem rushes at the signal word.*

Every one who is acquainted with the despotism and cruelty of the Turkish government, and the demoralizing tendency of its false religion, will be aware how deplorable must be the state of its distant provinces. The situation of modern Greece affords a lamentable example of the baneful influence which the "Sublime Porte" extends over its subjects. The Arabian and Persian authors give an unfavourable representation of the Turks, whom they describe as rude and brutal. In one of their old volumes is the following

sentence: "Though a Turk or a Tartar should excel in every branch of the sciences, yet would barbarism still remain the ground-work of his character."

## NOTE XV. p. 44.

*Rude Amurath his Janizaries pours.*

Passing over the ravaging of Corinth by Alaric, and the long lapse of years which intervened, we come to the period when, in common with other parts of Greece, it suffered from the invasion of Amurath the Second.

## NOTE XVI. p. 44.

*The Second Mah'med rears his sanguine crest.*

Mohammed the Second, still more cruel than his father Amurath, besieged and took Corinth (after long disputing its possession with the Venetians) in 1459.

## NOTE XVII. p. 45.

*Venetia's free-born sons in vain oppose.*

Corinth was under the dominion of Venice so late as the year 1715, at which period they were obliged to yield it to the Turks.

It is, in common with the rest of Greece, in the most abject slavery. Ignorance is one of the constant fruits of slavery, and the superstitions of servile Greece abound in

the most unmeaning and ridiculous ceremonies : they attach much faith to prodigies, auguries, and dreams ; and, though they severely censure the worship of images, are so absurd as to pay that homage to pictures of their favourite saints.

So much is the ancient character degraded, that the Greeks are said to be covetous, hypocritical, cowardly, and in every way base ; and are so much despised by the Turks, that they do not value a Greek even if he turn Mohammedan. An affecting, yet interesting instance of the contempt of the haughty conquerors for the Greek Christians, is given by an elegant modern traveller. “ En allant au bourg des Grecs, j'admirai des tombeaux Turcs, qu'ombrageoient de grands, cyprès aux pieds desquels la mer venoit se briser. J'aperçus parmi ces tombeaux, des femmes enveloppées de voiles blanches, et semblables à des ombres : ce fut la seule chose qui me rappela un peu la patrie des Muses. Le cimetiere des Chrétiens touche à celui des Musulmans : il est délabré, sans pierres sepulchrales et sans arbres ; des melons d'eau qui végètent sur ces tombes abandonnées, ressemblent par leur forme et leur pâleur à des crânes humains qu'on ne s'est pas donné la peine d'ensevelir. Rien n'est triste comme ces deux cimetières où l'on remarque jusque dans l'égalité et l'indépendance de la mort, la distinction du *maître* et de l'*esclave*.”

## NOTE XVIII. p. 49.

*Treads where Athenian Stuart fondly strayed.*

James Stuart, commonly called Athenian Stuart, from his interesting researches into the antiquities of Athens.

## NOTE XIX. p. 50.

*Then tracked with daring foot the Oneïan chain.*

The Isthmian games were celebrated on the mount Oneïus. The chain of mountains of that name stretches as far as Bœotia and Cithæron, from the Scyronian rocks on the road to Attica.

## NOTE XX. p. 55.

*Aristus sighs for fair Cenchrea's shade.*

Cenchrea, now Kenkri, a sea-port town on the Isthmus of Corinth. It cannot but be interesting to the Christian reader from its connection with the holy labours of the Apostles.

## NOTE XXI. p. 57.

*O speed the hour when this auspicious ray.*

The concluding part was written under the supposition, that, by the blessing of God on the strenuous efforts making in this country to promote the cause of Revelation abroad, the desired end might be effected; and that Islamism in par-

ticular, that superstition which has ever been the bitterest enemy to the Christian faith, may retreat before the pervading influence of the Gospel; so that Britain may be instrumental in communicating to the now enslaved nations that freedom which she herself so eminently enjoys and which is the birth-right of every human being. That every banner raised against *Truth*, may be speedily overwhelmed, and the Cross of Christ elevated on the ruins of contending faiths, is the earnest prayer of the humble and unknown

AUTHOR.



NOTES  
TO  
THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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LINES ON LORD ANSON.

NOTE I. p. 63.

*How Jonquire felt when yielding up his sword.*

THE celebrated victories and discoveries of this great man are too well known and too gratefully acknowledged by all his countrymen to be particularized ; but it may be acceptable to insert the reply of the French Admiral, who, presenting his sword to his gallant conqueror, said, “ Vous avez vaincu *l'Invincible*, et *la Gloire* vous suit ;” alluding to two of his defeated ships.

King George the Second, in presence of all the courtiers, took Lord Anson's hand and warmly thanked him for his unparalleled services.

## NOTE II. p. 64.

*Like him of old, who sank from war's alarm.*

Marcus Annius Curius Dentatus, a celebrated Roman, who after enjoying the consulate and other honours, and gaining many splendid victories, retired to his cottage, and was found, by the ambassadors of the Samnites, pursuing the most rustic employments.

## NOTE III. p. 64.

*But though removed from this terrestrial scene.*

This great man died suddenly at his seat, Moor Park, in Hertfordshire.



## TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE KING.

## NOTE I. p. 68.

*Say, what avails, from Actius' line he came.*

OUR present Royal Family derives its origin from the Actii, a noble Roman family distinguished in the time of Tarquinius Priscus, and who claimed their descent from one of the followers of Æneas. They retired during the repub-

lican government to Este in Lombardy, the name of which place in later years they assumed. Ferrara, Tuscany, and many other Italian principalities, were in subjection to their family.

Azo the Fourth succeeded his ancestors in their paternal dominions in 1046, and married Cunegunda daughter and heiress of Guelpho the Fourth, from whom our Royal Family are lineally descended. An interesting description of the family of Este is contained in the Seventeenth Canto of "La Gerusalemme Liberata."

NOTE II. p. 69.

*The peaceful chorus or the warlike strain.*

Our beloved Monarch's fondness for music is well known. It is said, that during the greatest aberrations of his intellect he was soothed and cheered by the performance of Handel's Music.

## EPISTLE FROM BONAPARTE.

*p.* 71.

THE duplicity of the tyrant's character is designed to be displayed in the foregoing lines; but it is hoped they will not displease the English reader, as they are intended to convey a tacit compliment to the superiority of his own country, which by the blessing of God was made the immediate instrument of re-establishing the Bourbon dynasty, and of depriving the tyrant of the sceptre he had so unjustly usurped.

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## THE MANIAC'S TALE.

*p.* 76.

THE facts on which this little tale is founded were related to the Author as follows :— A family of distinction in France had, at the period of the Revolution, taken refuge in this country, where, after various vicissitudes, they hoped to live in calm though humble retirement; but soon had the unspeakable misfortune of losing their eldest daughter in a very mysterious manner. The only intelligence they ever

received was, that she had embarked for the continent with a person of specious appearance, but of abandoned character. The shock had such an effect on the remaining sister that she lost her reason, and the foregoing lines are supposed to have been written during one of her lucid intervals.

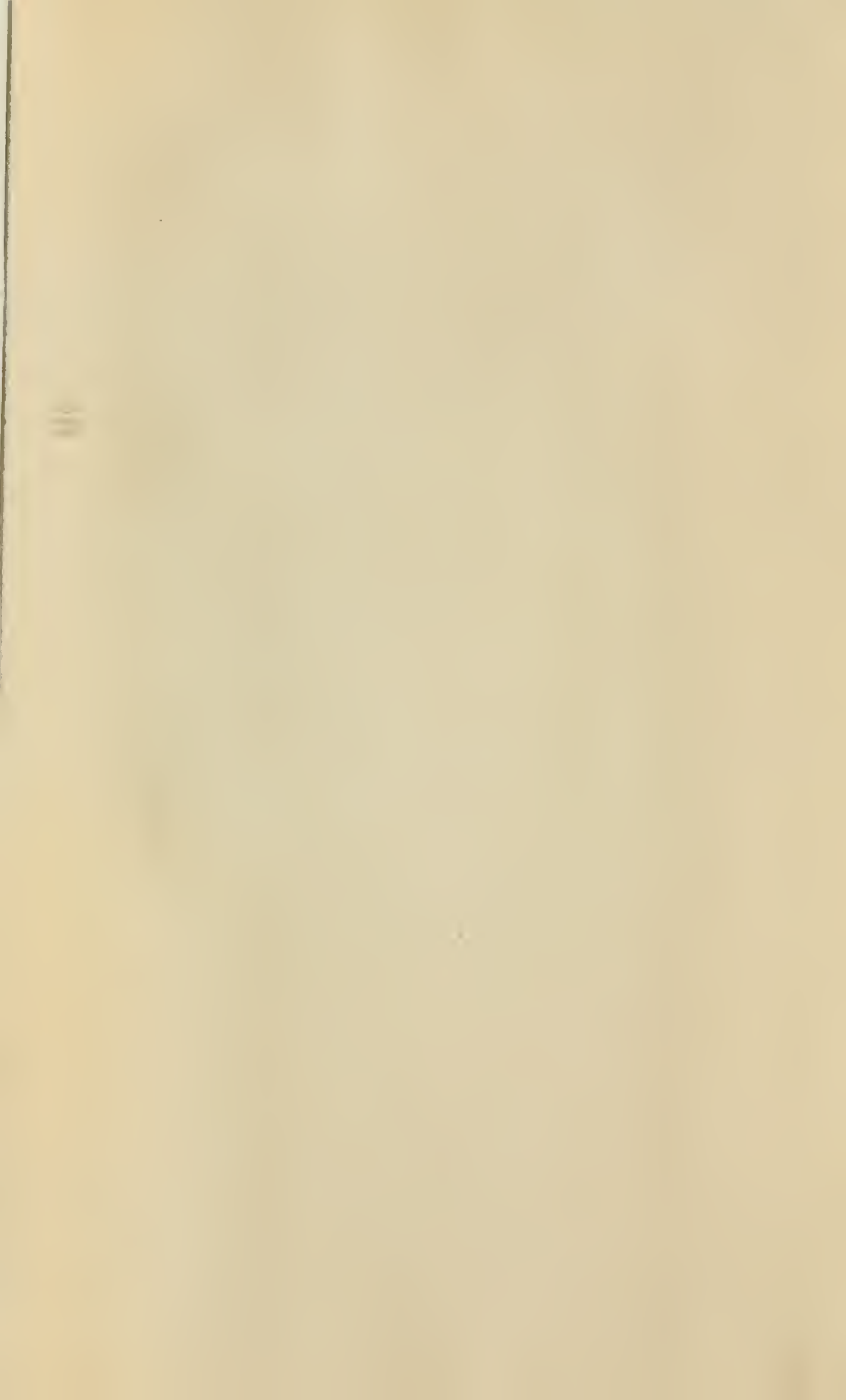
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